

Rest

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Rest

by [janewithwhy](#)

Summary

Winter plays its light tricks on the waiting.

tick tick tick

Even with her eyes closed, Satsuki knew sunlight was already beginning to slant through her bay windows. She could picture the way those columns of light would inch their way to the foot of her bed with each passing second, the way the dusty air would make those columns seem almost palpable, tangible. Inhaling deeply, she caught the faintest scent of cinnamon before shifting onto her back and turning her head towards her alarm clock. She cracked her eyes open, blariness forgotten by the well-oiled machine that was her body.

5:57 AM

She exhaled and turned her head, shutting her eyes once more. It was a Sunday. She had nothing to do--all of her work was taken care of until Monday. She could get up and go for a run or make breakfast, but it was too early for that. She could read that book that'd been sitting on her nightstand or peruse the early morning news. She could do anything. It was Sunday. But she continued to lay there breathing deep and soft, knowing that the columns of light were just brushing against her comforter at this point.

Shifting her head, she tucked her chin into her chest and opened one eye--the columns of light she expected to see so bright and distinct turned out to be faint, muddled, hanging in the air like undefined and broad brushstrokes, put into the middle of her room as if by some errant goddess. She glanced up towards her windows and saw the icy congregation there, fogged up frost dissipating the light as it made its way towards her. Untucking her chin, she stretched herself out and sighed. No, maybe she would not do much today, with a chill like that in the morning air.

She eyed the bare back next to her, the smooth plane of exposed skin peeking out from the comforter invited her to reach out and touch that lightly freckled, bony spine. Unruly, short dark hair fell haphazardly against sharp shoulder blades. Ryuko lay, still asleep, across from her and Satsuki watched as those shoulder blades softly, minutely came together and apart one breath at a time. She didn't want to turn her head away from the sight, but she had to. She had to. She wrenched her eyes away and turned as little as possible so that she could glance back at her alarm clock.

6:01 AM

Turning her head back, her vision had not changed. Ryuko still laid there, sleepy and steady breathing, oblivious to the frost gathering on their windows, completely unaware of the slow moving beams of light that would soon be hitting their ankles, totally unconcerned that her sister lay awake less than an arms length away from her. Satsuki watched the rise and fall of her back, sniffed in that faint smell of cinnamon and something earthier, deeper, heavier.

Ryuko stirred, making no sound, but shifting the comforter, exposing her side to Satsuki, offering almost. Satsuki blinked but did not move.

tick tick tick

It wasn't until Ryuko shifted again, this time making a sleepy sound--a faint hum, the sound of a tongue swiping itself against the roof of her mouth, settling comforter around restless legs--that Satsuki moved. She glanced back at her clock, quickly, like a flighty reflex.

6:27 AM

She frowned before facing forward once more and shifted herself onto her side. She glanced down--could those columns even be called columns anymore? That frosted, white light had made its way up to their shins, licking at their exposed skin as if water on the shore of a beach.

Carefully, slowly, she lifted her arm. She paused as Ryuko moved again, but her sister settled quickly into her sleepy existence. Satsuki shut her eyes and exhaled slow, reaching over and around and pressed herself against Ryuko's back. She inhaled deeply, held on tight. Too tight.

Ryuko nudged her off with her elbow, turning them both onto their backs.

"Sis," she mumbled.

Only after she stopped the soft grinding of her teeth did Satsuki open her eyes.

tick tick tock

She turned her head to the alarm clock on her nightstand.

5:58 AM

Cold stuck to her skin. She turned her head and strained her eyes--the bed was bare next to her, comforter settled, still neatly tucked in on that side. She glanced down towards the foot of her bed into that bluish darkness that still hung in the corners of her room.

She sighed and placed a forearm against her eyes.

It was winter.

The sun would not rise for half an hour more.

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